

The Party Does Prom by Frankiebee89

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Summary: The Party goes to prom. Eleven thinks about how different her life is than she ever dreamed. Everyone is happy, everyone is safe. Fluff & smut ahead.

The Party Does Prom

El never thought she would ever feel so beautiful. After a childhood locked away, captive to a madman and treated like a lab rat... less than human, just a number with special powers, she never imagine the life she currently lives. A real father, who loves her and protects her. Friends that know her, all her quirks and her damaged history. A boy that loves her so much, that makes her feel so special, so cherished. Gazing at her reflection in the full length mirror, Eleven smiles.

Life is good.

She smooths a hand down the silky pink material of her gown, loving the way it shines in the light. The thin straps lie against her creamy shoulders, neckline dipping to reveal the swell of her breasts. It skims down to the floor, wear she's supposed to wear the matching heels that Nancy and Mrs Wheeler helped her pick. But El has stashed her beat up Chucks in the overnight bag she's packed. She'd told Hopper she was staying at Max's, but the party had other plans entirely.

She smiles at her reflection and does a little spin, giddy with excitement. Her long, chocolate locks hang down her back in fat corkscrews, one side pinned back with a pink comb, a cluster of pearls beading the band. Her make up is light - mascara, a little blush and powder, pink lipstick. Eleven feels elegant, like a princess; like Molly Ringwald in *Pretty in Pink*, or Princess Buttercup, or Audrey Hepburn...

"Come on, kid!" Hopper calls from downstairs. She hears Joyce softly chastising him, and smiles fondly. It had taken a long time, but they were together finally. The Byers-Hopper household is still on the outskirts of town, but bigger with more land and Castle Byers is reconstructed in the woods behind it. El has a father, a mother, and two brothers. She will do anything to protect them.

One last look, and El grabs her sweater and struggles gracelessly down the stairs in her heels until she's at the landing, heaving a relieved smile. The flash and whirl of Jonathan's camera momentarily stubs her, and she blinks the spots out of her vision.

"Sweetie! You look amazing!" Joyce has tears in her eyes as she wraps El in a gentle, but firm, hug. "Mike won't know what hit him!"

Hopper doesn't say anything, but the way he's fighting his own tears speaks volumes. El hugs him, too, crushed against the warm barrel of his chest and smelling the smoke on him. Her /Dad/. He sniffles against her hair then pulls back, smiling as if sheepish. She kisses his stubbles cheek and turns to her brothers.

"Mike's lucky I'm not straight," Will teases, grabbing her hand to twirl her around the living room. El tosses her head back and laughs as Jonathan takes their picture. The warmth of their home, glowing with so much love and happiness that El feels she could burst, makes the fear of their past vanish. Nothing can reach them here. Not now, not ever again.

A knock at the door signals the arrival of the others. Hopper grumbles, always a grump, and answers it.

"Hey Chief," Max says, a blur of shiny emerald and copper as she pushes past him to greet El and Will.

"Looking sharp, my man," she says, reaching to straighten Will's bow tie with a wink. Then she and El are gushing over each other, their gowns and their hair, and it isn't until Jonathan nudges her shoulder, nodding towards the door, does El realize that Mike is there.

Handsome doesn't fit. He looks... incredible. The tux is classic black, and it's tailored well, and his hair is still a messy of raven curls but Eleven feels her body flush instantly at the sight of him all dressed up. Plus, the way his eyes hungrily take over her body, from the top of her curls to her pink-painted toes, does little to stifle the swirl of lust between her hips. She's moving towards him before she realizes it.

"Wow," he says. Suddenly, Eleven feels like a child again, in a borrowed pink dress and tangled pink wig, waiting for him to say something and feeling so small that a slight breeze could take her away.

But she's not a child, she's a young woman, and she can't help but

smile up at her stunned boyfriend and giggle.

"Pretty?" She asks.

"Pretty." He nods, dipping down to peck her lips, and Eleven feels the thunderous flap of a million butterflies escaping their cage, beating around her belly and chest until she feels like she might explode.

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The gymnasium is decorated in white and silver, disco ball reflecting lazily around them. It looks pretty nice, in a cheesy way, but Eleven doesn't care. They could all be hanging out at the Palace in their finery, and it would still feel special.

Max and Lucas are matching - her short, emerald dress with off the shoulder puffs and his black tuxedo and emerald cummerbund and bow tie the same shade. They immediately rush off to the dance floor, shimmying and spinning and the smiles on their faces bigger than El has ever seen before.

Mike's hand strokes the small of her back. He can't stop touching her, and Eleven can't complain. She has goosebumps from the heat of his fingers and the silky fabric sliding over her flesh; she shivers when they kiss.

"Is that a chocolate fountain?" Dustin asks, and Will chuckles before they disappear into the crowd. Surrounded by their classmates, everyone looking their best in fancy formal wear, the sparkly decorations and the music blasting from big speakers, it's magical. It's more than El could have ever hoped for.

Once a slow song starts, she drags a grinning, somewhat reluctant, Mike onto the dance floor. He cradled her close, her head on his chest and the steady rhythm of his heart against her cheek. He smells like spring time, and clean laundry, something indescribably Mike that makes her nuzzle his chest.

"What?" he asks, pulling back to look at her.

"I'm happy. I love you." Eleven shrugs. "I was thinking about how when I was twelve, and I was in the lab, that I never could have even

daydreamed all of this."

Mike blushes and ducks his head. "What, a silly school dance with your big dorky boyfriend?" He's deflecting, like he does when she gets too deep or blunt and he's not sure what to say. El blushes and stands on top toe, glad to have switched into sneakers, and plants a big kiss on his mouth. He's surprised but leans into her, gathering her up tighter to him.

"I love you, Mike." Her whisper against his cheek sends a shiver racing down his spine, and the longing Look returns to his eyes. She wants him, too - almost desperately. Her thighs clench as she meets his heated gaze, hoping the power of her feelings is reaching him somehow. That she won't have to say out loud how badly she wants him, how frantic the need is.

"I love you too, El. Always." He kisses her forehead, then her freckled nose, and finally her lips. Liquid fire burns through her, pooling between her legs, and she whimpers so quietly against him. "We have all night," Mike reminds her, sensing the turbulent emotions wreaking havoc on her.

"Promise?"

He grins, her favorite crooked grin that's only for her. "Promise."

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By the time the prom winds down, her cheeks hurt from smiling, her feet hurt from dancing, and Eleven is stifling a yawn behind her hand. But she rallies and follows her friends - her /best/ friends - into the dark, warm night.

They squeeze into Mike's Ols, which is as big as a boat with the six of them, seems like a sardine can. El is riding presses against Mike in the front seat, Will on the other side of her, window rolled down and head hanging out the window as Pink Floyd plays on the radio. In the back, Dustin keeps pretending to gag as a Max and Lucas kiss, limbs tangling and softest whispers and giggles barely audible over the radio.

It's almost... sacred, El decides. She holds Will's hand, letting Mike focus on getting them all safely home.

They're staying in the new and improved Castle Byers, having given their parents different stories to orchestrate the sleepover. None of the parents would have agreed to it (except Joyce, but she understood them all so much better - Hopper just worried about El and Mike and the intensity of their relationship).

Max and El sing Blondie as they link arms, skipping through the tall grass towards the sparse woods where their clubhouse waits. It's a real clubhouse now, having been renovated by all of them, floor and roof and a piece of plywood for a door. Inside, a constellation of blankets and pillows, lanterns, pictures. Things that made it theirs.

The rest of the night is spent on a blur of laughter, the cloying scent of weed and smoke from Will, Max, and Dustin's joints... Mike stroking her hair, holding her close. After a long time, when Dustin and Will descended into more conspiracy theories and Max fell asleep on Lucas, snoring but smiling. After that, Mike and El grab a sleeping bag and find their own piece of privacy under the stars.

Mike carefully laid the sleeping bag out, and together they flopped down. All El wants is to be in his arms, skin to skin, to feel him moving inside of her, head the way he gasps her name. She rolls into him, half on top, and kisses him slowly, purposefully. He pulls back to breathe and smiles.

"Was it everything you wanted?" he asks, lazily caressing her back where the dress doesn't cover her skin.

"Almost," she says. Then she kisses him again, sucking on his lip and sliding her tongue against his. Her body responds quickly, warming up, tingling. Her hips rock against him, seeking some relief for her aching core. Mike senses this and swiftly flips them over. Looming above her, without the tux jacket and his tie undone, only black curls hanging over his freckled face, El wants to remember him like this. Always like this. Pink cheeks, swollen lips. Breathless but smiling.

He pushes the straps of her dress down, and she wiggles out of her strapless bra. It's a warm spring night but the air feels cool on her

over sensitive skin, pebbling her nipples and making her squirm. Mike loves her breasts - El doesn't quite get it, but she loves the attention he gives them. One hand palms the slight weight, fingers teasing over her pink nipple, while his tongue and mouth work on the other. He knows just how to stoke the fire in her belly, how to wind the coil tighter and tighter, until she's moaning and gasping his name, begging for more.

He slips down her body, dragging the pink silk with him. Over her hips, then over his shoulder, until she's wearing just thin panties and his face is level with her most secret place. He quirks an eyebrow, silently asking permission, and El helps him get rid of those, too.

"So beautiful," he murmurs as his lips ghost over her inner thighs, closer and closer to where she needs him most. El is nearly crying by the time his fingers part her soaked folds, expertly finding the magical little nub that gives her so much pleasure. His tongue swipes over it and her back arches off the ground, pushing her hips into his face.

Once he adds a finger, plunging into her greedy channel, it doesn't take long. Lights and color burst behind her eyelids as her body trembles, wave after wave of ecstasy rushing over her until she's nothing but feeling. Mike is quick to undress then, hastily unbuttoning his shirt and opening his pants. He doesn't take them all the way off, too impatient to do more than line himself up with her and slowly push in.

Mike grunts, thrusting shallowly, and Eleven regains her senses as more pleasure spikes through her. It doesn't seem real. How can something feel so fantastic? So right? Her chest heaves as he begins to fuck her, one hand braces above her shoulder, the other guiding one of her legs around his hip. The angle is so good, and each slide of his cock seems to push her higher.

"I love you," she whimpers, holding on to him desperately.

"So much," he responds. His eyes fall shut as his hips knock against her, rhythm building until he's pounding into her, wet slaps of skin against skin and their moans mingling together with the crickets.

She's on the edge again when Mike gasps. "Please, El - I'm so close, please -"

That's all she needs. The gentle push and she's crying out and writhing again. Her inner muscles clench around him, milking his member squeezing, pulling him even deeper, until she felt his hips stutter and finally slam into her a last time. A series of soft cries, mingled with swear words, leave his lips.

Naked, Mike snuggles into her and wraps them in sleeping bag. Her head is pillowed on his arm, warm and satisfied and glowing with happiness. She doesn't even mind the wetness seeping out of her, drying on her thighs, eyes too heavy to hold open. She wishes, her last thought before sleep takes hold, that every day could be like this.

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Back at Castle Byers, Dustin and Will are sharing their last roach, when the lantern lights flicker and grow bright. Will shakes his head, and Dustin laughs.

"Has anyone told them yet?" He asks, sloppy grin on his face.

Will shakes her head. "Luckily Hopper hasn't figured it out. If he realized the lights go all crazy because they're doing it, I'm pretty sure he'd kill them both."

Shaking with laughter, the guys settle back into their sleeping bags, stoned and content and happier than they ever expected they could be.